



FIRST MAGAZINE OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR

CREEPY

CREEPY
#28
AUG.

50¢

GOOD LORD!
BULLETS WON'T STOP
IT! ONLY ONE THING
LEFT TO DO...!

TALES OF HORROR
AND MYSTERY BY THE
WORLD'S GREATEST
COMIC ARTISTS

SURE I CAN ENDURE THE THROES OF REPOSE ON THIS COMFORTABLE
OUCH COUGH...**INSOMNIACS**... IF YOU CAN EXCUSE
MY BORING SNORING WHILE I DREAM UP AN ILLUSION OF
CONFUSION FROM THE PROFUSION OF...

CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!



IN
WITHERED
MYSTERY HE

BLOWS HIS SHRILL OF THROBBING
MUSIC, TOWARD THE HEAVING SERPENT
NEAR HIM... FLOATING WITH IT IN THE
TRANCE OF SPELLBOUND RAPTURE
WHICH UNSENSES THEM. HE IS
THE

FAKIR!



SUSPENDED FROM HIS MORTAL
BONDS, UNTOUCHED BY MERE REALITY...
WHAT MAGIC DOES THIS WIZARD
KEEP, THAT BURNING COALS CAUSE
LITTLE MORE THAN SMILES, TO SHOW
HIS FEELINGS!



A SEVERE NOTCHED
WOUND, HE CARRIES TIED WITHIN HIS HAIR... TO OVERSEE
HIS PURPOSE AND PERMIT HIM ENDLESS POWER! THE
FAKIR! THAT HE WOULD CHOOSE TO FLEE THIS WORLD
BY ROPE, ASCENDING THEN TO VANISH IN THE AETHOS
OF HIS OTHER WORLD.

UNEPLAINED BY ANY
WHO DARE TO WATCH
...UNANSWERED BY
OTHERS WHO DARE
TO QUESTION! HE
LIVES WITHIN THE
CIRCLE OF HIS MAGIC
...UNREPROACHED BY
CAUSE OR PROOF, FOR
HE IS **FAKIR**... AND
IN HIM ALL THINGS
BECOME THE GAME
OF DESTINY!



CREEPY NO. 28

PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN **EDITOR:** BILL PARANTE **COVER:** VIC PREZIO

ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: TONY WILLIAMS/DUNE, DAN ADKINS, TOM SUTTON, ROCCO MASTROSERIO, RHOB STUART, STEVE STILES, ERNIE COLON **WRITERS THIS ISSUE:** REUBIN REID, KIM BALL, ARCHIE GOODWIN, ARNOLD HAYES, NICOLA CUTI, CARL WESSLER

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DEAR UNCLE CREEPY



Just picked up ish #26 and it was spectacular! Basil Gogos did a great job on the cover and VOODOO DOLL and BACKFIRE were the greatest. All your stories were written and drawn very well and only STRANGER IN TOWN was just so-so. I didn't care for the story and compared to the others, it wasn't very good. UNTIMELY MEETING was a top reader. Bill Parante did a great job on that one. SECOND CHANCE was fantastic but I guess no one can out-smart Seton. COMPLETELY CURED had a clever ending but better art would have improved it. I'm happy to see, after all it said and done, that you had such a good issue. Now I know you're not slipping.

BILL PARNEAU
Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich.

What do you mean, NO, one can outsmart Seton? How do you think I got old parcels put in an appearance? Come on BILL, start smoking weed!

Issue #26 was another winner. The cover was great. STRANGER IN TOWN was chilling. SECOND CHANCE was also good, a story with a most imaginative plot. UNTIMELY MEETING was really fantastic, a great achievement for Ernie Colon and Bill Parante. BACKFIRE had superb artwork, although short in content. As for your letters page, I couldn't agree. Yours, keep speech completion in his own creepy mag!

JOHN BROWER
Clognet, Mass.

That's turning it on, John! Guess gaggle gut can't kick his

rut after all . . . it's getting to be a habit!

Congratulations for the best issue of CREEPY since issue #8. The plots for the entire issue were excellent. The art was just great and the cover was second only to the great Frank Frazetta. I can't wait until next issue when Frazetta returns. The two reprints were selected in good taste, having been two of your best stories. I enjoy Dingo's art and I hope you reprint more of it. Your first story, STRANGER IN TOWN was excellent. The plot was great and Reed did a great job on the artwork. COMPLETELY CURED was the worst story in the book, but it still was good. I liked Ernie Colon's art in UNTIMELY MEETING. Recently the question was brought up if CREEPY was as good as some of the E.C. line. I don't think so, I think CREEPY is better!

JOE TARALLI
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Gee, Joe . . . sabbie . . . that statement sorta sabbies some souls out of the stone in our mold. Serif . . . thanks for caring . . .

Just went through issue #26 and thought it was more than great! The cover was taken from FAMOUS MONSTERS, and in the letter column I see that Frank Frazetta is returning FANTASTIC Best story this time around was STRANGER IN TOWN. Seton did a thrilling job on that. UNTIMELY MEETING was a second and COMPLETELY CURED third. Williamsen's art is improving. One last question: can Canadians send in for books issues, if so, how much money do I have to add for postage and handling?

CHRISTIAN CASTRAVELLI
Montreal, Quebec

Sorry Christian old cuss, at this time only underground-ish Variations and over-weight ones can send in subscriptions. Keep any who might help you out!

Of all the twentieth issues of CREEPY, this latest one was probably the worst. Only two winners, Archie Goodwin and Bill Parante, and all of Goodwin's stories were reprints. BACKFIRE, SECOND CHANCE and VOODOO DOLL were junk the first time you ran them, and printing them again won't help any. STRANGER IN TOWN had three bad features. The plot was bad, the ending made no sense, and the artwork was horrible. COMPLETELY CURED was horrible, except that the plot barely held up. UNTIMELY MEETING was the only story which seemed to make sense. The artwork however made it collapse. All in all you guys have put out a rotten issue. Shape up or you'll lose me as

a customer.
BEN BERKOWITZ
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Promises, promises, that's all I get Ben! Boy, you little bugga . . . don't you know flattery will get you nowhere!

Just finished reading issue #26 and I must say, SECOND CHANCE, UNTIMELY MEETING and BACKFIRE were fabulous! By the way, in SECOND CHANCE I found something that spoiled the whole terrifying touch. Page fourteen to be exact. The name Basil Gogos is strictly a Cousin Eerie expression. I hope I won't see any more trash like that in CREEPY. Other than that, the story was fair. UNTIMELY MEETING also, felt O.K. sure must have been working himself to the bone in the manuscript to create that piece of fantastic terror. Ernie Colon's art was groovy so how about more of him, about Say Unc, you really goosed sleeping in VOODOO DOLL from a past issue. I'm sure your tiny story of writhing waters could come up with some new, nauseating tales. Whenever did Basil Gogos get his ideas for that spine tingling, hair raising cover? So perli. Once again I have to repeat, BACKFIRE was some thing else! If every story was that good, Cousin Eerie would be ashamed to show his razor rotten face. Except for a few, tiny mistakes in #26, it was a masterpiece! Bravo! PAUL MIGLIORE
Elberon, N.J.

Your concern for our as-aparated Editor is enlightening, pal Paul . . . next time we slip him some slims, we'll be sure to give you worst wishes.

I picked it up, I looked at the cover, I dropped dead! After being cured by the nearest witch doctor, I slowly walked to the table and bravely picked up issue #26 again. Very cool, negatively I read it. It was marvelous. The cover, beautifully done by Basil Gogos, STRANGER IN TOWN had great art, but the story wouldn't even scare a two-year old. Another thing about the story, Tom Sutton drew that, not Reed Crandell. Dingo scored again in SECOND CHANCE. I really liked COMPLETELY CURED and UNTIMELY MEETING, but I don't understand the road breaking up on page 31, last frame. One of my favorites this issue was BACKFIRE, I like the way Morrow makes bullet holes.

JAMES SZYMANSKI
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Really . . . you should see what our man Morrow does with a knife . . . such magnificent mutilation you never imagined!

I have been a fan of your magazine for quite some time

but I never really felt the need to write you until now. Issue #26 was very good, storywise. Artwise the book was below average. After careful consideration, I conclude that STRANGER IN TOWN was the best story, graphically, with, believe it or not, a reprint, VOODOO DOLL second in order came next, UNTIMELY MEETING, COMPLETELY CURED, SECOND CHANCE and BACKFIRE. One thing, Reed Crandell was way off on his style, it just didn't look like his stuff. Jerry Grandenetti did his best work in VOODOO DOLL, I thought. Loathsome Lore was also very good. Last but not least, the cover by Basil Gogos was fine, the resemblance to Len Chaney's vampire in London After Midnight was horrible. Basil really captured the feeling. I know you've heard this a million times but again, keep those large cover burbs OFF the cover it ruins the effect.

DAVE VIRRILL, JR.
Hudson, New York

To be exact Dave old knave, that makes one hundred, forty eight thousand, seven hundred and sixty sixth time I've read it. But keep trying anyway . . . we'll make a million yet!

Received CREEPY #26 in the mail just now. It had a good cover but it looked like a cover from an old issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS. I was surprised to see a new Loathsome Lore also. STRANGER IN TOWN was one of Crandell's lesser attempts. The plot was rather obvious to me. VOODOO DOLL was my favorite story and Jerry Grandenetti did a nice job on the art. SECOND CHANCE was good, to be sure it was a reprint from issue #12. As in every issue, there is always a story that is lacking. This issue it was COMPLETELY CURED. Tony Williamsen's art is getting to be pretty good, but the plot was too flimsy. BACKFIRE was another reprint and it was a let like EARLY WARNING from issue #13. UNTIMELY MEETING was good, but I'm not to fond of Ernie Colon's art. One more thing, the art in STRANGER IN TOWN looked like Tom Sutton, not Reed Crandell. Am I right? EDWARD KENDRICK
Cazenovia, N.Y.

You are indeed. Ed old bleed! STRANGER IN TOWN was not only the debbling of babbling Tom's pen and pencil partner, EXCRUCIATING SUTTON also wrote that retelling revelation. Once again, our blushing begs for forgiveness go to our beshing buddy from Boston! Excuse the ruse, Tom!

Want to write me? Address your passion care letters to: CREEPY LETTERS, 22 E. 42nd St. N.Y.C. 10017

AND NOW A LITTLE PULSE-POUNDER ABOUT A MAN WHO'S FOUND
A PERFECT METHOD FOR GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER...OK
SO IT SEEMS TO HIM UNTIL HE DISCOVERS THAT THERE'S...

MADNESS IN THE METHOD!




ALL WAS GREY...
THE DANK, DREARY
DAY, THE DREARY
BUILDINGS BEHIND
THE GRIM WALLS
OF THE ASYLUM
WHERE, A JUDGE
HAD DECREED
HENRY BELMONT
WAS TO LIVE OUT
THE REST OF
HIS LIFE...



IN YOU GO,
HENRY! THIS
IS YOUR NEW
HOME...



MUSN'T OVERDO ANYTHING.
GOT TO PLAY IT CARE-
FULLY HERE WHERE
THEY LIVE WITH
MADMEN!



I'M CAPTAIN DUNNON, HENRY!
HEAD GUARD HERE AT HANNEFORD.
NO NEED TO BE UNEASY!
WE'RE ONE BIG FAMILY
HERE, Y'KNOW!



REALLY, THIS WASN'T
NECESSARY! YOU
CAN SEE HENRY'S
A GENTLE MAN...

HE'S PATRONIZING ME...AS
IF I WERE A WITLESS
IDIOT! BUT THEN... THAT'S
WHAT I'M SUPPOSED
TO BE!

INITIAL PROCESSING COMPLETED, HENRY FOLLOWED THE CAPTAIN DOWN BOMBER HALLS LEADING TO...

YOUR OWN PRIVATE ROOM, HENRY! YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE. AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU WANT... WELL, WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU...

I DIDN'T EXPECT THINGS TO BE LIKE THIS! IT'S NOT BAD, NOT HALF BAD!



THEN DUNNION LEFT HIM, AND HENRY DIDN'T MIND...EVEN WHEN THE KEY RATTLED OUTSIDE THE DOOR, LOCKING IT WITH A CLICK...

THAT'S THAT! I'VE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT! I'LL STAY HERE A YEAR, MAYBE TWO OR THREE! AND THEN...



WHAT TH... THE INMATES! MUST BE SOME OF THEM...SCREAMING... LORD WHAT A SOUND!

HENRY COMPOSED HIMSELF AND WAITED FOR THE MANIACAL SCREAMING TO STOP... DRY FACED INTO THE SMALL HOURS OF NIGHT AND STILL HE WAITED NERVE ENDS TORN BY THE SOUND...



DON'T THEY STOP? DON'T THEY EVER STOP? OH! GOD...

...IT'S GOT ME TRYING THIS DOOR EVERY TEN MINUTES TO BE SURE IT'S LOCKED! ENOUGH TO DRIVE A MAN MAD...

HA! I MUST BE CAREFUL NEVER TO SAY THAT ALOUD!



BUT THE TORMENTING SHRIEKS LEFT NO ROOM FOR HUMOR AND SLEEP BECAME AN IMPOSSIBILITY. DESPERATELY, HENRY SOUGHT REFUGE IN THE PAST...

YOU'D LAUGH AT ME NOW IF YOU WERE ALIVE, MYRTLE! YOU'D SAY I BROUGHT IT ON MYSELF, WOULDN'T YOU, MYRTLE?



...AND THE LAWN, HENRY! THE NEIGHBORS ARE TALKING ABOUT THE LAWN... WEEDS TWO FEET HIGH! THEY'RE SAYING THINGS ABOUT YOU...

...I HEAR OTHER WOMEN TALK ABOUT THEIR HUSBANDS! PROMOTIONS! RAISES! BUT YOU, HENRY... THE SAME LITTLE JOB, THE SAME PITIFUL PAY...

POUR IT ON, MYRTLE! RUB IT IN! MAKE ME HATE YOU BEYOND ENDURANCE! MAKE WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO EASIER!



LOST IN MEMORIES OF THOSE LAST WEEKS WITH HIS WIFE, DAWN SNEAKED UP ON HENRY BELMONT...

IT...IT'S MORNING? BUT I HAVEN'T SLEPT... COULDN'T SLEEP IN THIS ROOM! YOU'VE GOT TO MOVE ME!

THE NOISE BOTHERS YOU? COME ON, HENRY... YOU SHOULD ENJOY THE SCREAMING AND HOWLING! JOIN IN WITH THE OTHERS!



CAPTAIN DUNNON SAID IF THERE WAS ANYTHING I NEEDED...

VERY WELL, I'LL ASK THE CAPTAIN TO CHANGE YOUR QUARTERS. BUT YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO BE HAPPY IF YOU DON'T LEARN TO ADJUST...

...AND CAPTAIN DUNNON PROVED A MAN OF HIS WORD...

IT HURTS DEEPLY WHEN ONE OF MY CHARGES ISN'T HAPPY, HENRY! I TRUST THIS ARRANGEMENT WILL GIVE YOU THE QUIET YOU DEMAND...

WHAT IS IT WITH THE GUARDS... WITH DUNNON... CAN'T PUT MY FINGER ON IT!



A PADDED CELL!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING TO DESERVE THIS! **LET ME OUT!** YOU MUST BE CRAZY TO PUT ME IN HERE! **LET ME OUT!**

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! THERE'S JUST NO PLEASING YOU, IS THERE, HENRY? VERY WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE...

THIS IS ALBERT BRODERICK, HENRY! I TRUST YOU'LL GET ALONG WELL TOGETHER... NO MORE TROUBLE...

YES, YES! IT'LL BE GOOD JUST TO HAVE SOME-ONE TO TALK TO!



THE DOOR SHUT, THE LOCK TURNED! FOOTSTEPS RETREATED DOWN THE HALL.

THANK GOD, HE'S GONE! THAT DUNNON'S ALMOST AS BAD AS ANY OF THE INMATES! WHAT'S THE STORY ON HIM...



HENRY WAS STILL SCREAMING MINUTES LATER WHEN THE DOOR BURST OPEN AND CAPTAIN DUNNON ENTERED, GENTLY AND PATIENTLY REMOVING THE CLAWING, GRASPING MANIAC FINGERS FROM HENRY'S THROAT...

HE'S A MADMAN VIOLENTLY INSANE! ALMOST... KILLED ME...

THAT'S ENOUGH, HENRY! I WON'T HAVE YOU PROVOKING OUR OTHER INMATES! IF YOU CAN'T APPRECIATE WHAT I DO FOR YOU, PERHAPS YOU'LL PREFER THE DOCTORS' RECOMMENDATIONS!



WE'RE NOT PLEASED WITH YOUR ATTITUDE, HENRY. NOT PLEASED AT ALL! FROM WHAT THE CAPTAIN TELLS US, I FEAR WE MUST BE HARSH WITH YOU...

BLASTED DUNNION! I DON'T DARE TELL THEM WHAT A NUT HE IS AS LONG AS HE'S STANDING HERE...

NORMALITY IS A MATTER OF ADJUSTMENT, HENRY! YOUR RECORD INDICATES AN INABILITY TO COPE WITH YOUR SURROUNDINGS...

THE DOCTORS' VOICES DRONED ON... MAN AND HIS ENVIRONMENT, ADAPTABILITY TO SURROUNDINGS... THEY TALKED ON AND ON, JUST AS MYRTLE HAD DONE...

MYRTLE, HENRY! I DISCUSSED IT WITH DR. MARSH AND THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS IS WRONG WITH YOU... HENRY! AREN'T YOU LISTENING? DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'VE DONE?

YOU'VE DONE SPLENDIDLY, MY DEAR...

...YOU'VE SPREAD THE MYTH OF MY INSANITY UNTIL EVERYONE, EVEN OUR DOCTOR, IS CONVINCED OF IT! AND NOW...

...THUS, UNTIL YOU CAN LEARN TO LIVE IN OUR LITTLE COMMUNITY HERE AT HANNEFORD, HENRY, WE CAN ONLY RECOMMEND YOU TO THE **VIOLENT WARD!**

V-VIOLENT WARD? BUT... BUT LOOK, I'M NOT VIOLENT. I'M NOT! IT'S DUNNION... HIS GUARDS... THE PLACES THEY PUT ME...



THE DOCTORS SHOOK THEIR HEADS, EYING HIM WITH PITY AS DUNNION LEAD HIM FROM THE ROOM AND DOWN...DOWN DEEP INTO THE OLD BUILDING'S DEPTHS... DOWN INTO HORROR...

POOR HENRY! I KNOW YOU WON'T LIKE IT HERE, BUT IT WILL TEACH YOU... Ah... HUMILITY!

Y-YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE... IT'S MAD! LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE MIDDLE AGES... PLEASE, DUNNION... PLEASE!



DUNNION TURNED SHAKING HIS HEAD SADLY, LEAVING HENRY TO SHARE THE TORMENT OF THE MADDENED TWISTED MINDS... LEAVING HIM TO SEEK THE ONLY REFUGE LEFT, HIS OWN MEMORIES...



...THE SYMPTOMS WERE CLASSIC! I WARNED MRS. BELMOND HE MIGHT BECOME VIOLENT... SHE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT OF HER HUSBAND...

THANK YOU, DR. MARSH! WITH THE REST OF THE TESTIMONY PRESENTED, I'M SURE THE COURT WILL AGREE WITH OUR RECOMMENDATION.

IT IS THE DECISION OF THIS COURT THAT THE DEFENDENT, HENRY BELMOND, BE COMMITTED TO A MENTAL INSTITUTION...UNTIL CONSIDERED AS FIT TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN SOCIETY...

I'VE DONE IT! I'LL PLAY IT CAREFULLY AND IN NO TIME, THEY'LL LET ME OUT!



LET ME OUT!

I CAN'T STAND THIS! KEEP THEM AWAY! GET THEM OFF ME!

NYAAAAA



A HELLISH ETERNITY PAST UNTIL FINALLY HENRY'S PITIFUL SHRIEKS WERE ANSWERED...

AGAIN, HENRY! WON'T YOU EVER LEARN, HAVEN'T WE WARNED YOU?

PLEASE... I DON'T BELONG HERE... I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE... I'M A MURDERER... I WANT TO CONFESS...



CONFESS, HENRY? YOU'RE NOT RESPONDING WELL AT ALL! THIS IS A TERRIBLE REGRESSION, CAN'T YOU TRY TO ADJUST? WE ALL HAVE TO, YOU KNOW!

I TELL YOU I **MURDERED** MY WIFE... **PRETENDED** TO BE INSANE! IT WAS PREMEDITATED MURDER!



HENRY PEERED ANXIOUSLY, DESPERATELY FROM ONE FATIGUED, SMILING FACE TO THE NEXT, TRYING TO CONVINCE THEM...

COME, HENRY! YOU CAN'T FOOL A JUDGE, ATTORNEYS DOCTORS... IT'S ALL DELUSION!

I'LL GET LIFE IMPRISONMENT, LOSE MY WIFE'S INSURANCE MONEY... WOULD I ADMIT ALL THIS IF I WERE INSANE?



THIS IS GETTING US NOWHERE! THERE'S ONE SURE TEST TO SETTLE THE QUESTION...

I DON'T KNOW, DOCTOR... THAT METHOD'S VERY CONTROVERSIAL... STILL, WE HAVEN'T DONE IT IN A LONG TIME...

I CAN'T STAND THIS PLACE ANYMORE! IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY JUST LIKE IT DID YOUR GUARDS! I'LL SUBMIT TO ANY TEST TO GET OUT OF HERE... **ANYTHING!**



FINE, HENRY! NOW WE'LL SETTLE ONCE AND FOR ALL IF THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH YOUR MIND...

W-WAIT... WHAT KIND OF TEST IS THIS... WAIT... **NOOOO!**



SHORTLY, THE SCREAMING STOPPED, AND THE DOCTORS WERE ABLE TO COMPLETE THE TEST...

I FEAR GENTLEMEN WE BADLY MISJUDGED HENRY BELMONT... HIS BRAIN LOOKS PERFECTLY NORMAL TO ME!

UNQUESTIONABLY, DOCTOR! PERFECTLY NORMAL! WEEHEE WEEHEE... **PERFECTLY NORMAL!**



WMMM, FELLOW INMATES EVERYONE AT HANFORD ADJUSTED SO WELL TO THEIR SURROUNDINGS THAT EVEN THE STAFF WAS NUTS / WHAT A **CRAZY** STORY... BUT IF YOU'RE NOT **INSANE** OVER THIS ONE, TRY MY NEXT MIND-SENDER!



THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



All set for another SHUDDER SESSION... SHROUD CROWD! Grab a shill for yourself while I untomb some gloom from the doom of my DEMONIFICATION! Better get a good grip on your upper lip, PUTRID PLEBIANS before we lash into some legendary lunacy concerning a fanished little fellow we fondly call, the...

"GHOUL"

Try, dirt pebbles tumbled down the sloping mound of death. It was thought the grave itself had moved them from the timbered plot they covered. Through filmy clouds a blinded moon could merely hint her presence, sighing vaguely in the high moon of the night, a row of gleaming markers. Could marble slabs abuse the silence enfolding them, for even now the rolling grains of dirt, betrayed the numbness of this mortuary. Sundry Death walked softly when he came, and yet sounds air around you, pervading every instant of your listening while your eyes pretend their vision. Unburdened eyelids forcing shut their aching innards, stretched to keep from sight the dread of Satan's maracled Sill, hands cannot fool your sanity by covering the sight of it... and when your cheek is fingered by a spry touch of hair, your eyes fly wide to see the tree branch staggering in the wind. Down bloodless, tombstone avenues, you watch the shrieking rodents come, swooping to embrace you and then, fluttering, soulless, into the chest of the darkness. At last you see it... there beyond your seeking stare! A struggling hand, snip ped clean of flesh, unearths itself between the clumps of cold, brown grass. You realize a flesh that dwells beneath the stagnant, gruebed GHOUL! Your mouth cranks to utter thoughts of panic, the scream it hopes for gaged on speechless feelings which impale your pounding brain. Finally shuddering free, just seconds from your own unwanted prison, his body shuffles toward you. Saliva coiled upon the skinless lips that smile their



Fendish DAVID FLETCHER, fright fan from merry Yorkshire, England, admits his graveyard goblin is simply STARVING for affector! Poor, undernourished niseenpog, all he'll find in that rotting restaurant are a bunch of... COLD CUTS... hee!

winking at you, he stumbles past the instruments around you. Your nostrils strain to flee the stench of death's disintegration... fear is useless feeling. But wait... this creature seeks the soft decay of buried food, not those who still are living! You cannot feel your

limbs and yet you know you want them moving "Stop", your senses tell the rising culture, your thoughts are broken by carnivorous sobbing, lustful human cantors! No sound escapes the frenzy, frozen in your mind... and then at both incision bits of

flesh upon you, you realize your fate. The sucking sounds of dribbling satisfaction snarl into your senseless body and you close your eyes to greet him. You will not mind the snarling slashes of his hunger, for pain does not disturb the dead... does it?

THIS IS IT, CAULDRON

CONTESTANTS . . . so get ready for the reeking results of our really, fantabulous freak-!N! Oh yes, that's IN . . . unless you thought someone in this wacky mind would let this contest's conglomeration of convulsive characters escape Warren's chains here in Crunch City! With a group of great guys and gals out there in goony garb, flooding us with a tidal wave of witty writing . . . how in the heck could any of us get GUFF? You lecherous leopards will be delighted to learn that our poor, pooped PARENTE, almost popped his peepers, poring through the devilish doom dialogue you demons delivered! Babbling Bill had to take a short vacation to unravel his rattled brain remains, after the thousands of tasty tid-bits he read. Now that he's back on the neck, the rest of our guest winners are standing by to receive their groovy awards. Meanwhile, that flabbergasted fellow in the fulminating photograph, is none other than FIRST PRIZE WINNER . . . RAMBUNCTIOUS REUBEN REID! Your funky UNCKY CREEPY, joins me in congratulating RATTLING REUBEN for his turn-of-twisting, throat-throttling tale of torturous tension, "IN THE SUBWAY". His entry took the honors in our CAULDRON CONTEST MONSTER CATEGORY. While the bile burch here in frowntown Madhattan are getting a life time subscription to CREEP and GUFF, CREEPY reads for WRITHING REUBEN to enjoy. Sergeant Reid's morbid mixture of monstrous melodrama is being masterplotted together by our own, TRAUMATIC TONY WILLIAMSUNE. After seeing some of the jobbing jolting, dotting Tony's plotting for "IN THE SUBWAY", I've been hitch-hiking to work every midnight instead of riding the wall 'nail! It's safer. And just wait until all of YOU cool ghosts get a glimpse of Tony's twirling tapestry . . . WOW! After what our wily wizard who won, told me about his walloping winner, nearly NOT being submitted . . . but that's jumping ahead of our story a bit group. First, why don't we meet and greet our handsome horror host for this lab . . . Sergeant REUBEN REID.

EVANSVILLE, Indiana takes honors as Reuben's hometown heart. August 20, 1945 takes credit for the other details surrounding his jump into this world. Rollicking Reuben tells us that he moved around a lot in those days, and ten grammar schools and one, John Carroll High School later, moving Reid agreed to settle down

to a rather regular routine. His first stop, after his last step out of High School, was to enroll in an engineering course. He dabbed a bit free-lancing about as a commercial artist, decided to switch to full time drafting while still studying the mechanics of becoming an engineer, and while his mind was still flying between decisions to make himself up to becoming one thing or another, Reuben enlisted in the Air Force to get his head out of the clouds. How about that! Currently Reuben's den of iniquity is the 1995th Communications Squadron at Seattle Washing-

ton called, "The Wailing of Y'myth". About the time I started the rewrite however, I found that I had another idea bickering around in my mind. I had been reading a lot of things by various Scotch poets around that time, and the poem about "flea's having smaller flea's to bite them" stuck in my mind. I got to thinking about that from the reverse aspect, and it proved an amazing idea. To translate the idea to Shape Chambers (rather than Werewolves because it gives you more room to play around in) was an obvious move. Everything else de-


by our revealing Mr. Reid, was good enough to soo him too honors in our CAULDRON CLASSIC and captured for the sagely soldier of the alt, the GHOUl-dan award for his wretched writing. Not to soak corny or anything, it looks like it pays to keep trying don't it! But don't give up the spirit yet OWOOP TROOP, there are still THREE more FIRST PRIZES to be given out before the bout is over, and one of the winners might turn out to be . . . YOU! While everyone waits with breathless anticipation, don't forget to keep a spare stare out, looking for gunky UNC and



ton. He tells me he'll be leaving that assignment sometime in October of 1970. I see there are any unattached demons, searching for some BODY to share a blessed feed with . . . I'm sure our bloody buddy Reuben will be glad to oblige! He won't mind a witch or two getting in touch with him, as long as they don't BITE . . . heheheheh! Oh, I almost forgot . . . about Reuben phenomenon, "IN THE SUBWAY" almost NOT getting type setting. In our contest champ's own words . . . "I had intended to send you a rewrite of an earlier story I had with-

veloped as a logical necessity, and the story "jes grewed". WHEN I finished the first draft I had manuscript about half as long as the one I eventually sent you. The story developed more as a story, and I explained things more completely. When I drew some roughs however, I found that I had too many pages, and way too many panels. I did a full rewrite, cut out the whole middle section, and condensed the story. By this time however, I was running close to contest dead line, so I had to send it to you "as was" . . . "AS WAS", so simply put

his junky hunk when it hits the pits next month. They'll be boasting about our second ing winner in CREEPY and CREEP's first annual CAULDRON CLASSIC. I KNOW the gues will agree with me when I say, I wish everyone could win . . . but of course that's hoping for too much. To those who sent in your gory love and DION'T take a prize . . . dry your eyes and wise up, maybe NEXT time . . . who knows! To our first, head sploring winner, Sergeant REUBEN REID again from the clot hot here in the rot pot . . . CONGRATULATIONS!



AS A TOKEN OF MY INFECTION FOR YOU...
GORE CORE. I'M TAKING YOU ON A TRIP INTO
A TUNNEL OF TERROR, TO FIND OUT WHAT'S
HAPPENING WAY DOWN ...

IN THE SUBWAY

THE CITY WAS FILLED WITH
SCAVENGERS THAT PREY ON
THE HELPLESS WHO HASTEN
TO HIDE FROM THE DARKENED
STREETS. OLD BENJI KNEW
THIS. THIRST AND HUNGER HAD
DRIVEN HIM OUT OF THE FLOP
HOUSE, HE HAD MANAGED
TO EARN A FEW DOLLARS.

NOW ALL HE WANTED TO DO
WAS GET TO A BAR. THE
SUBWAY WOULD GET HIM
DOWNTOWN SOONER. AS HE
STUMBLED DOWN THE STAIRS
...A WARMLY BLACK ARMED
BEGAN TO PULL HIM ...



BENJI SCUTTLED PAST THE
VINYL-BOOTH, DOWN THE
BLACKENED PLATFORM...
AND SUDDENLY, IT ROSE IN
FRONT OF HIM! OLD BENJI
HARDLY HAD TIME TO
SCREAM AS JAWS AND
CLAWS RIPPED SHUT...!!



DELIAN SHIVERED AS HE FELT THE CHANGE TAKE HIS FORM AGAIN. A SLIGHT PAIN IN THE JOINTS, THEN HE BEGAN TO DISPOSE OF HIS LATEST HUNT.

THESE SPRINGS WILL CLEAN UP THE BLOOD. THE AUTO-JANITORS WILL TAKE CARE OF THE REST.

IT WAS SO EASY BEING A SHAPE-CHANGER. THESE DAYS DELIAN MAILED. NO ONE BELIEVED IN MONSTERS NOW-A-DAYS ANYWAY.

RECOVERED THE JAMMING DEVICE FROM THE VENDOR-BOOTH...THEY'LL NEVER FIND THE BODY ONCE IT REACHES THE RIVER.

I MADE SURE THERE WERE NO OBVIOUS REMAINS FOR THE AUTO-MATED CLEAN FORCE TO FIND. SO EASY... HA...

IT WAS ALSO AN EASY JOB MAKING A PERSON NOT WANT TO USE A PARTICULAR SUBWAY STATION. EVENTUALLY SOME WEAK-MINDED SOUL WOULD SLIP INTO RANGE.....

OR AT LEAST IT HAD BEEN UNTIL DELIAN ENCOUNTERED THE ONE HE CALLED... THE COMMUTER.

HE HAD FELT THE CHANGE THROBBLING TO TAKE PLACE IN HIM. A CLICK, AND THE VENDOR-BOOTH HAD GONE DEAD! NO TRAINS WOULD COME THROUGH UNTIL HE RELEASED THE JAMMER.

NAILS CLICKING ON THE CEMENT, HE LOPED FORWARD TOWARD THE SINGLE COMMUTER WHO WAITED THE TRAIN. A SPRING, A RUSH, THE FLASHING OF FANGS, AND HE WOULD FEAST AS HE NEVER HAD BEFORE!

THIS ONE **MUST** BE MINE!

A ROBO-TRAIN FLICKED AROUND THE CURVE OF THE REMAINING WALL! BUT HOW...!!

BUT...THE JAMMER! WHY DIDN'T THE JAMMER WORK??

NOOO... HE'S MINE... YOU CAN'T HAVE HIM... NOOOO!!!

SNAKES AND MOANS OF FRUSTRATED HUNGER ESCAPED DELIAN'S COUGHING THROAT. THEN HE WHEELED AND SENT HIS MIND SLAMMING OUTWARD.

A BLOCK AWAY HE FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR! SAVAGELY DELIAN AWOKE HIM. HARSHLY, WITH BLUNT AND TEARING FINGERS, HE BROUGHT THE MAN TO INSANITY..

THE BUM COULD NOT SPEAK... HIS MIND AFLOAT IN A GAGGLE OF FEAR... HE TRIED TO RISE, TO RUN...

...BUT DELIAN COULD CONTROL HIMSELF NO LONGER, AND HE BUTCHERED THE QUIVERING DERELICT WITH A FEROCITY NEW EVEN TO HIMSELF!!!

I'VE GOT TO HAVE FLESH NOW!

IT WAS ALL WRONG. THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN NO TRAIN. THE MAN HAD NOT EVEN NOTICED HIS RUSH NOR THE MANIACAL CON-
TORTIONS OF DELIAN, AS HE SPED ALONG THE CAR, TRYING TO FORCE HIS WAY IN.

THE SCRAMBLER ON THAT VENDI-BOOTH SHOULD HAVE PREVENTED ANYONE FROM ENTERING. EVEN THE SIGN SAID NO TRAINS UNTIL 0600. NOW...?



THE ENTRANCE TO THE SUBWAY PLATFORM SHOULD HAVE BEEN LOCKED. NO TRAINS WERE DUE, BUT ONE HAD COME RUMBLING THROUGH!

SOMEONE WAS THERE, THOUGH, A MAN, BUT IF THE VENDI-BOOTH MALFUNCTIONED, IT SHOULD NOT HAVE ADMITTED HIM.



WITH A SIGH, DELIAN REACHED UP TO UNDO HIS COLLAR, TO RELAX, TO LET THE CHANGE FLOW OVER HIM.

I FEEL GOOD ABOUT TONIGHT...I KNOW THIS HUNT WILL BE A SUCCESS!



AND IF HIS SCHEDULE WAS OUT OF DATE, THEN IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN OPERATIONAL. THERE WAS NO EXPLANATION THAT WOULD FIT! DELIAN SHIVERED CLOSER TO THE LECTRO-FIRE.

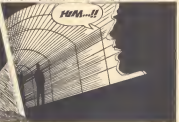


FOR FIFTEEN DAYS DELIAN Huddled in his apartment, AFRAID TO GO OUT. THEN ON THE NINETEENTH, AS THE SUN SHINE, HE FELT THE OLD RAGE BEGIN TO SUR IN HIM.

MUST BE CAREFUL TONIGHT...THE HUNT MUST NOT BE FOR ME!



WITH A GROWL OF ASSENT, HE FORCED THE CHANGE ONLY PARTIALLY COMPLETE, TO COME TO A STOP WITHIN HIM. THERE BEYOND REASON WAS THE MAN, THE SAME MAN!



THE SIZES THAT NO LONGER FIT HIS FEET SENT SHIFTS OF PAIN UP HIS FLANKS. THIS ONE WOULD PLAY GAMES WITH HIM... AND WITH BUMBLING AWAY, DELIAN STALKED FORWARD.

A HALF-MAD LAUGH COUGHED INTO DELIAN'S THROAT, A PROVOKING HATE EATING AT HIS BRAIN. NOW WHAT WOULD THE INTRUDER THINK TO DO...



SILVER! DELIAN'S MIND FILLED WITH ONLY ONE THOUGHT OF DEATH. HE COULD NOT SEEM TO ENSNARE HIS OPPONENT. ANOTHER FLASH OF SILVER AND AGAIN HE CLUTCHED A THROBBING WOUND!

ALL HE COULD SEE THROUGH HIS PAIN, WAS THAT FACE... AND HE KNEW HE HAD TO **KILL!!!**



WITH A SOBBING CRY DELIAN LEPT FORWARD, HIS HANDS SLIDING THROUGH THE DOORS, TRYING WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH TO OPEN THEM. AHEAD HE SAW THE RETURNING WALL, AND JUST BEFORE THE WALL WOULD HAVE THORN HIM LOOSE...

WITH A HOWL, DELIAN LEAPED UPON THE STARTLED VICTIM... TEARING THE UMBRELLA FROM HIS HANDS. NOW HE WAS PREPARED TO RIP THE LIFE OUT OF HIM, WHEN SODDENLY THE HAVAN'S SMOKING FACE PREVENTED IT... HIS FACE...

...THAT
FACE...!!

IT WAS HIS FACE!

SUDDENLY THE BODY HE WAS CLUTCHING WAS NOT THAT OF A MAN, BUT ONLY A VAGUELY HUMAN-LIKE HUNK OF TWITCHING PHOTOFLASH. WITH A WHIMPER, DELIAN RELEASED THE THING AND WHEELED AROUND!

WHA...WHAT'S
HAPPENING...
WHAT...

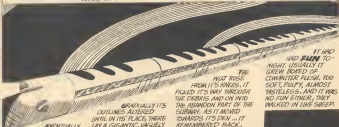
THE DOORS...
THEY'RE...
OPENING!!

AROUND HIM DELIAN SAW THE WALLS AND CORNERS BEGIN TO ALTER HORRIBLY. THEY NOW BECAME LUMPY AND PINNED. THE WINDOWS BEGAN TO SINK, TO FLOW INTO THE WALLS AS DARKNESS BEGAN TO CLOKE AROUND HIM.

THAT SOUND...LIKE THE GURGLE OF-- NO... **NOOO.....**

THEN THE LAST LIGHT WENT OUT. IN THE DARKNESS DELIAN COULD HEAR THE JUNCES GUSHING AROUND HIM. HE HOWLED IN AGONY AS HIS BODY SWIRLED INTO THE SLIME OF BURNING LIQUID... HE HOWLED A LONG TIME... UNTIL AT LAST, HE HAD BEEN DISSOLVED!

EPILOGUE: A ROBO-TRAIN RUMBLERD ITS WAY THROUGH THE TUNNEL BENEATH THE CITY, AT THIS HOUR, AND IN THIS PART OF THE CITY, THERE WAS NO ONE IN THE SUBWAY TO WATCH IT.



EVENTUALLY IT CAME TO THE OLD AND BLOCKED OFF SECTIONS OF PRE 2034 CONSTRUCTION, THERE THE TRACKS ENDED, THE ROBO-TRAIN CAME TO A STOP.

GRADUALLY ITS OUTLINES ALTERED UNTIL IN ITS PLACE, THERE LAY A GIGANTIC, VAGUELY MAN-TROLL SHAPE.

THE HEAT ROSE FROM ITS KNEES, IT PICKED ITS WAY THROUGH THE DEBRIS AND ON INTO THE ABANDON PART OF THE SUBWAY. AS IT MOVED TOWARDS ITS DEN ... IT REMEMBERED BACK,

IT HAD HAD FUN TO-NIGHT. (USUALLY IT GREW BORED OF CONSUMER FLESH, TOO SOFT, PULPY, ALMOST TASTELESS, AND IT WAS NO FUN EITHER, THEY WALKED IN LIKE SHEEP.



TONIGHT IT HAD BANTED A GOOD MEAL... A BIT STRINGY, BUT VERY DELICIOUS THEN TOO, THAT WAS ONE LESS TO BE COMPETITION. THE WOLF SIGHED AS HE SETTLED DOWN, IT WAS SO EASY TO BE A SHAPE CHANGER THESE DAYS ... SO EASY!

END



CHOO-CHOO, THERE'S A TRAIN OF THOUGHT THAT REALLY CHANGED TRACKS... HACK HACK! JUST WATCH IT ... NEXT TIME YOU GET CAUGHT IN THE RUSH HOUR CRUSH ... YOU MIGHT NOT GET OUT... TooT...!





FEEL LIKE FISHING AROUND FOR
SOME FOUNDERING FABLES....
WRIGGLE ROGUES GET
YOUR HOOK BAITED, BOOBY--
AND LET'S SLIP INTO A
SLITHERING DITHERING
THAT'LL KEEP YOU CRAWLING
-GOON AS WE FIND OUT
WHICH WAY....

The WORM is turning



FORBIDDEN WHISPERS FELL
AGAINST THE HEAVY
SILENCE OF THE NIGHT....



-BEHOLD...A PACT OF EVIL
TAKES FORMATION!



THE NEXT MORNING, IN
THE FUNERAL PARLOR-

I FOUND NOTHING
ON HIM OF ANY
VALUE - GORRY,
GENTLEMEN!



...AND IN THEIR MINDS, THEY ALL WONDER...
HAVE THEY BEEN CHEATED BY HAWKE?



...AND IN THEIR MINDS, THEY ALL WONDER...
HAVE THEY BEEN CHEATED BY BILLINGSWORTHY?



...AND IN THEIR MINDS, THEY ALL WONDER...
HAVE THEY BEEN CHEATED BY ALF?



IN THE FUNERAL PARLOR -

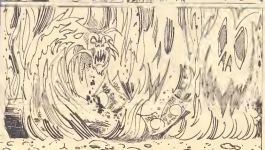
"THOUSANDS OF POUNDS
IN HIS POCKETS! HE WAS
A **MADMAN** TO PUT HIS
NAME ON THE BILLS! ALL
I NEED DO IS MARK OVER
THE WORDS - AND SHELL
WILL BE HAPPY WITH HIS
WORMS UNDERGROUND!"



IN BILLINGSWORTH'S HOUSE -

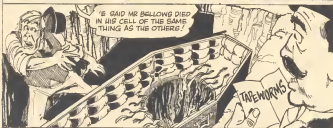


IN ALF'S TAVERN -



-AND IN BELLOW'S' BLACKSMITH SHOP...





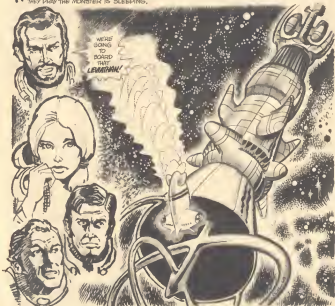
BURRY! EX-CUSE ME... DEMENTED DINERS... JUST DIGESTING ANOTHER DELICIOUS MEAL OF SALVAGING SANCER-FAIRE! YOOO LOOK HUNGRY... SO IF YOU CAN ~~STRENGTHEN~~ A TASTE OF TWINGE TID-BITS, WHY NOT MUNCH ON THIS MOROSID MORSEL OF MANIA, A FEAST ON SOME ROT WE CALL...

LORDY! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT! ITS AS LARGE AS A SMALL MOON! ARE WE GOING TO CHALLENGE IT OR?

WE'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH! KLINE, GET A GROUP TOGETHER...

WHILE ON PATROL IN GALACTIC SECTOR SIGMA, THE CREW OF THE STAR SHIP LARK, UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPTAIN GAMCO, HAS COME ACROSS AN INTRUDER. LIKE THE BARDINE WHO BLUNDERS INTO A WHALE, THEY PRAY THE MONSTER IS SLEEPING.

WE'RE GOING TO BOARD THAT LEVIATHAN!



ART BY TOM SUTTON/SCRIPT BY NICOLA CUTI

IT'S LIKE
A DEAD
WORLD!
EVEN THE
MACHINERY
MOVES IN
SILENCE!

THERE IS A
Faint sound
coming from
down that
corridor,
BREATHING!

THERE'S YOUR
BREATHING
SOUND CAPTAIN.

I SUPPOSE ON THEIR
WORLD OUT MACHINES
WOULD SOUND LIKE
BREATHING. HOW DO
WE GET DOWN THERE?

WE **DON'T!**
WE'RE LOOKING
FOR THE CONTROL
ROOM, NOT THE
ENGINE ROOM.

WAAAAIEEEEE!

HEY CAPTAIN! THE
CAPTAIN SAID WE WEREN'T
GOING DOWN!

YOU
STURDWAYNT!
YOU WERE
CLOSER!
TO DENNINNY!

HEY! HEY! NOT HIS!
THE FLOOR JUST
BUCKLED UNDER
HIM!

DON'T **WOMP**
STURDWAYNT! WE
WON'T HURT YOU.

8 BEFORE THE DISASTER CREW
BUBBLED THE REMAINS OF
THEIR ONCE SMILING
COMMANDER, STURDWAYNT
WAS THE JOKER OF THE
SUNNY CRUISE. AND NOW
ONLY THE GOOD TIMES FLEW
THROUGH THEIR MINDS.

POOR
STURDWAYNT,
HE WAS A
NICE GUY.

NOT ME, CAPTAIN.
NOT ME!

OH LORD!
NO! NO!
AHEAD ME
CAPTAIN!





WHAT BECAME A SHIP OF
TERROR HAS AMAZINGLY
BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO
A PURSUIT YACHT.



FROM
COMES
WITH
ME.



WHAT'S
BEHIND
YELLING?

EVERYTHING! HERE'S THE TRUTH THAT I
KILLED AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR.
WHAT DO PRETTY LITTLE HUMANKIND HAVE
TO DO WITH AN OVERGROWN GEM?



FROM? INTO THE ADAMANT! THIS
WAS A SHIP THAT THIS IS A GEM
BEING FROM ANOTHER GALAXY!
IT'S BEING OFF US, AND THERE
GEM ARE ONLY BEING! WE'VE
GOT TO HURRY BACK TO THE PARTY
AND WHEN THE OTHERS!



AAAAA
AAAAA
AAAAA





IT'S HARDLY AN HOUR SINCE THE CAPTAIN KISSING CIRCOCORPUSSES...

"PROF! WHAT HAPPENED TO KLINE AND SULLIVAN?"

"THEY HAVE BEEN EATEN, CAPTAIN!"

"I AM GRATE, AS YOU HAVE SURVIVED CAPTAIN, I AM EVERYWHERE, I AM THE ENTIRE SHIP!"

"I MUST BE DEAD EVERY DECIDE ON I WILL DIE! UNTIL NOW THIS HAS ALWAYS BEEN A PROBLEM..."



"I SHALL NEVER BE HUNGRY AGAIN!"

"AND IF WE REFUSE?"

"... BUT NOW YOU AND PROF! WILL PROVIDE ME WITH FOOD IN THE FORM OF YOUR CHILDREN AND GRAND CHILDREN!"

"REFUSE?"

"YOU'RE ALONE WITH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE..."

"REFUSE? YOU'RE JOKING!!"

"HA, HA, HA HA! HA!"

END

"NO PROF... IS MY TOMMY TURNING TUNELS SAUCIS? GOES TO SHOW YOU... A GORE GOREMET HAS GOT TO WATCH HIS GRUES... [SIGH] OTHERWISE HE'S GOING TO LOSE HIS APPETITE!"



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YOU KNOW THE SAYING. "CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT." WELL, THIS NEXT LITTLE TREAT I'M GOING TO SERVE YOU IS ALL ABOUT PROFESSOR CONRAD OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM. THE PROFESSOR CERTAINLY HAS PLENTY OF CURIOSITY. BUT, BLESS HIS HEART, HE ISN'T LOOKING FOR CATS ON HIS JOURNEY DEEP INTO THE UNCHARTED JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA. NO, NOT PROFESSOR CONRAD! HE'S LOOKING FOR THE...

VALLEY OF THE VAMPIRES

IF ONLY JOSEPH HAD WORN HIS GARLIC WREATH LAST NIGHT. BUT HE REFUSED TO. THE OTHER CAMP GUARDS WORE THEIRS AND TODAY THEY'RE STILL ALIVE.

NONSENSE! HE WAS KILLED BY A PYTHON PROFESSOR

NO, FORBES... A PYTHON WOULD HAVE CRUSHED HIS BODY AS YOU CAN SEE THERE ARE NO BROKEN BONES.

THEY LOOK LIKE THE MARKS OF SNAKE FANGS, BUT... COULD HE BE RIGHT?

V-VAMPIRE!

A FORBIDDING SILENCE FALLS UPON THE STEAMING TROPICAL JUNGLES AS PROFESSOR CONRAD CONTEMPLATES JOSEPH'S LIFE LESS BODY.

HE DIED THE DEATH OF THE DAMNED. THE TAIN OF THE VAMPIRE HAS CURSED HIS FLESH. WE MUST MAKE CERTAIN THAT HE WILL REST IN PEACE FOR ALL ETERNITY.



GO AHEAD! BUT THAT STILL DOESN'T MEAN I BELIEVE THERE ARE VAMPIRES IN THIS TERRITORY...

YOU ARE ENTITLED TO YOUR OPINION, FORBES. BUT YOU ARE MERELY A GUIDE... WHILE I HAVE DEVOTED MY ENTIRE LIFE TO RE-SEARCHING THE MANY LEGENDS OF THE VAMPIRIC CREATURES IN THESE JUNGLES.



EVEN ANCIENT MAYAN HIEROGLYPHS SPEAK OF A VAMPIRE CULTURE HERE. I PLAN TO BRING ONE BACK TO CIVILIZATION.

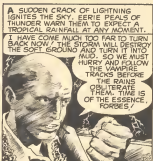


...IF THEY EXIST. BUT IF THEY DO I'LL BE READY FOR THEM. THIS RIFLE IS ALL I NEED. I'LL PLUG A VAMPIRE LIKE I DO A WILD ANIMAL.



YOU ARE A **FOOL!** THIS IS HOW I WILL CONQUER THEM... WITH BLESSED WATER, WOODEN STAKES, GARLIC WREATHS. YOUR RIFLE IS FINE FOR LIONS AND GORILLAS. IT IS USELESS AGAINST THE LIVING DEAD! YOU CAN NOT DESTROY A VAMPIRE WITH A BULLET. YOU NEED WEAPONS MORE POWERFUL THAN **THAT!**





MANY WEARY HOURS LATER,
PROF. CONRAD AND FORBES ARE
STILL TRAILING THE VAMPIRE
PRINTS...



SUDDENLY...

LISTEN...



BOOM-DA DA BOOM-DA-DA

THE DRUMS SOUND CLOSE BY!

YES! THEY'RE CALLING
TOGETHER ALL THE
MEMBERS OF THE CULT
FOR THE LEGENDARY
DANCE OF THE DAMNED!
HURRY FORBES!



BOOM-DA

THEY RUN THROUGH THE JUNGLE
BLACKNESS TOWARDS THE UNHOLY RHYTHM
OF THE DEMONIC DRUMBEATING...



IT'S - GHASTLY!

THE DANCE OF
THE DAMNED!



THIS IS --
MAGNIFICENT!





THERE ARE INTRUDERS AMONG US!
THEY MUST BE CAPTURED AND
BROUGHT BEFORE MY THRONE!
I, SAZARO, MASTER OF THE
UNDEAD, HAVE SPOKEN!

THE VAMPIRE CREATURES ATTACK
PROFESSOR CONRAD AND FORBES!

THE GARLIC WREATHS ARE USELESS!
THEY DON'T AFFECT THESE MONSTERS!

ALL IS NOT LOST YET,
FORBES! DON'T
ABANDON HOPE!



YOU FOOLS! YOUR CURIOSITY
WILL COST YOU YOUR LIVES!
OTHERS HAVE COME HERE
AND FOUND ONLY DEATH! YOU
HAVE DOOMED YOURSELVES!



AH, BUT
UNLIKE THE
OTHERS, I'VE COME
PREPARED! IT IS YOU
WHO ARE DOOMED!



THE BLESSED WATER
HAS NO EFFECT ON
HIM, CONRAD!

I-I DON'T UNDER-
STAND! ALL I'VE
STUDIED--MY
YEARS OF
RESEARCH...

WAAAAH!

SPLOSH!



...HAVE PROVED TO BE IN VAIN,
HUMAN! WE CANNOT BE DEALT
WITH BY SUCH DEVICES! THEY
ARE MERELY PART OF THE
LEGENDARY MYTHOS THAT HAS
SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE
WORLD DURING THE CENTURIES!
A MYTHOS WHICH WE HAVE
ALWAYS ENCOURAGED!





LIKE INVESTING IN A GHOUL MINE!

The money you invest today may be worth the price of a triple horror bill a year from now!

Goodness knows how many yen they're already offering in Hong Kong for the KING KONG issue.

Badness knows how the value of the MUMMY issue has pyramided in Egypt.

Black E. Lagune of Draku Lake, Transylvania, writes: "The LUGOSI MEMORIAL EDITION is being avidly sought after by collectors here at prices up to ten and a half ghoulars."

Peter Pickle of Dillsville, Calif. states: "I'd gladly pay three hundred dillars for the FIRST ISSUE!"

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2344 YEARBOOK (14-2



SO, FEAR FANCIERS, HERE WE STAND AGAIN ON THE THRESHOLD OF TERROR... READY TO TAKE THE BIG STEP INTO THE UNKNOWN? THEN GET A GOOD GRIP ON YOUR NERVES AND JOIN ME AS WE PASS THROUGH...

THE DOORWAY!

THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME LEFT... MUST TALK QUICKLY... I'M CHARLES DRAVON, SECURITY GUARD AT PROJECT ZEUS, TOP PRIORITY GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENTAL LAB... AT LEAST I WAS BEFORE THIS ALL BEGAN, BEFORE CORRIDOR 5 WAS ROCKED BY THE EXPLOSION... THE EXPLOSION THAT STARTED IT ALL...



IT WAS ON THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT... THAT LONG MONOTONOUS HALL FROM MIDNIGHT TO DAWN WHEN THE ONLY DISTURBANCE IS USUALLY THE SOFT WHIR OF THE AIR PURIFICATION SYSTEM THAT MAKES THIS UNDERGROUND COMPLEX LIVABLE... BUT NOT THIS NIGHT, NOT WITH A GENIUS IN RESEARCH ON THE VERGE OF A DISCOVERY...



THE EXPLOSION HAD BEEN LIKE A BIG THUNDERCLAP, YET THERE WAS NO FIRE, NO SIGN OF BURNING, EXCEPT FOR A POUL-SWELLING MIST IN THE AIR...

NOT A SIGN OF THE OLD MAN... I WAS IN THE CORRIDOR, HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN BY ME...

WHAT'S THIS?

THERE THE BOOK LAY AMID SCATTERED TEAPAGES OF TWENTIETH CENTURY SCIENCE, INCREDIBLY ANCIENT, ITS YELLOWED PAGES INTENTLY OPENED...

WHAT WOULD A TOP SCIENTIST BE DOING WITH THIS? SPELLS INCANTATIONS... BLACK MAGIC...

THEN FOR THE FIRST TIME I NOTICED... IT!

WHAT IS...

IT GLOWED AND BECKONED, SEEMING TO FILL THE ENTIRE ROOM WITH A STRANGE LIGHT... TRANCE LIKE, I RAISED MY HAND TOWARD THE SHINING, PULSATING SURFACE...

I-THIS WALL IS STEEL... CONCRETE... CABLES AND INSULATION... I-I... **CAN'T** BE DOING THIS! IT'S LIKE... A... **POORWAY!** YOU COULD ALMOST...

HAD I FACED A Maelstrom, THE PULL WOULD HAVE BEEN NO GREATER THAN THE GLIMMERING VORTEX THAT DREW ME FORWARD...

...STEP THROUGH IT!

FOR AN INSTANT I WAS IN STERILITY,
IN LIMBO... FLOATING THROUGH A VAST
TIMELESS COSMOS BEYOND IMAGINA-
TION, BEYOND COMPREHENSION.



THEN I WAS THROUGH... ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT DOOR,
WHICH SPANNED TWO WORLDS... TWO DIMENSIONS... TWO REALMS
TOTALLY AND UNALTERABLY APART, YET JOINED!



IF ONLY IT HAD BEEN MADNESS... THE MERE PRODUCT OF A
MIND GIVEN OVER TO INSANITY...



AND FOR THE NIGHTMARE THAT FOLLOWED HIM, THERE ARE NO WORDS...



THERE WAS NO TIME TO THINK, IF MADNESS WERE TO COME IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BY THINKING OF WHAT I SAW... TRAINING AND REACTION TOOK OVER COMPLETELY...



BUT THE .45 AUTOMATIC IS A WEAPON FOR THE CREATURES OF THIS WORLD...



I WATCHED IN IMPOTENT HORROR AS THE THING CLAWED ON TO THE SCREAMING SCIENTIST WITH SLIMY, GRASPING TENDRILS, LIKE SOME GROTESQUE, GIANT SLUG...



BUT THE FINAL OBSCENITY WAS YET TO COME!



FOR A FEW MERCIFUL MOMENTS, DOCTOR CRANE WAS UNCONSCIOUS, THEN HE STIRRED...



SCIENTIFIC STUDY ONLY TAKES YOU SO FAR... WANTED TO TRY OLDER FORMS... MAGIC, SUPERSTITION, ALL HAVE SOME BASIS IN FACT... CONTACT WITH PARALLEL DIMENSION LIKE THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN COMMUNICATION WITH "SPIRIT WORLD," SUMMONING DEMONS... LIKE THING INSIDE ME...



IT'S TAKING OVER... GAINING CONTROL... I CAN'T FIGHT IT, DAMON! CAN USE ME TO INVADE OUR WORLD... ONLY ONE WAY... TO STOP IT... KILL ME... PLEASE! KILL ME!



THE BLUE STEEL OF THE AUTOMATIC GREW HEAVY IN MY HAND... I HESITATED THEN NUMBLY OBEYED DOCTOR DEANE'S PLEADING, SLOWLY CLOSING MY EYES...

THE SHOT SLAMMED HOME, BRINGING PEACE TO THE DOCTOR, BUT ITS SOUND ATTRACTED ANOTHER OF THE NIGHTMARE THINGS TO ME!



...EXCEPT AS A CLUB!

SUPPENSE, I WAS FIGHTING FOR MY LIFE, MY WORLD, WITH EVERY OUNCE OF SKILL AND DETERMINATION... STRUGGLING TO AVOID THE MOIST REPTILIAN GRIP OF THAT SUTHERING HORROR!

MY STRUGGLES SEEMED DOOMED... THE SUCTIONING TENDRILS FASTENED TIGHT AND A WAVE OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS SWIFT OVER ME EVEN AS WE TOPPLED INTO THE DRAWING POWER OF THE DIMENSIONAL DOORWAY...



I CAME TO BACK HERE IN THE LAB, KNOWING THE CREATURE WOULD SOON TAKE CONTROL OF ME... HAD TO ACT FAST... USED THE DOC'S BOOK TO DESTROY THE DOORWAY, AND THIS RECORDING WILL WARN THE WORLD... ONE LAST ACT AND I'VE WON... **WON!**



THE GUN'S REPORT HAD NOT FACED BEFORE FOOT STEPS RESOUND IN THE LABORATORY...



FOLLOWED BY THE GARNLED WHIRL OF WOEPS AT HIGH SPEED, VANISHING INTO THE AIR AS THE TAPE RE-THREADS THROUGH THE MACHINE...



I WAS LUCKY TO FIND ANOTHER HUMAN WHILE THIS ONE WAS UNCONSCIOUS! HE PUT UP FAR TOO STRONG A STRUGGLE TO EVER MAKE A PROPER HOST!

NOW, WHERE'D HE PUT THAT BOOK...



GOT TO RE-ESTABLISH THE DOORWAY, LONG AS I'VE GOT A FOOTHOLD HERE, MIGHT AS WELL BRING IN **EVERYONE!**

DOOPS! LOOKS LIKE DRAGON WAS TOO QUICK ON THE TRIGGER... SO MANY PEOPLE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE THEMSELVES! WITH THE DOORWAY REOPENED, WHO CAN BE SURE? BETTER WATCH YOUR FRIENDS CAREFULLY, RADIO READERS THEY'LL BE WATCHING YOU!



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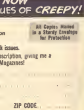
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GOOD EVENING, MONSIEUR!
A TERRIBLE STORM... I HOPE
YOU DIDN'T COME FAR!

NOT FAR... ONLY
UP THE STREET.
A COGNAC, PLEASE!

UP THE STREET? BUT THE
ONLY THING UP THE
STREET IS THE... THE...

...THE
ASYLUM!



FORGIVE MY CURIOSITY, MONSIEUR, BUT WHAT POSSESSES A MAN TO VISIT THE MADHOUSE ON A NIGHT SUCH AS THIS?

WHAT *POSSESSES* A MAN...?



WHY DO YOU ASK THAT? WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF *POSSESSION* OF MEN?



N-NOTHING, MONSIEUR... A CHANCE CHOICE OF WORDS... I---

NOTHING? THEN PERHAPS YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN A STORY I HEARD TONIGHT...



I'M A MEDICAL EXAMINER, OFFICIAL DUTIES BROUGHT ME TO THE ASYLUM... THAT'S WHERE I LEARNED ABOUT A YOUNG GERMAN... A STUDENT... **GOTTFRIED WOLFGANG...**



A YOUNG MAN OF GOOD FAMILY, HE STUDIED FOR SOME TIME AT GOTTFINSEN, BUT BEING OF AN IMAGINATIVE AND OVERWROUGHT CHARACTER, HE WANDERED INTO WILD AND SPECULATIVE DOCTRINES...EVENTUALLY TAKING UP THE NOTION THAT THERE WAS AN EVIL INFLUENCE HANGING OVER HIM; AN EVIL SPIRIT SEEKING TO ENSNARE HIM, AND ENSURE HIS PERDITION...

HIS FRIENDS DISCOVERED THE MENTAL MALADY PREYING UPON HIM AND DETERMINED THE BEST CURE WAS TO FINISH HIS STUDIES /AND THE SPLENDORS /AND GRATITIES OF PARIS...BUT WOLFGANG ARRIVED AT THE OUT-BREAK OF THE REVOLUTION AND THE SCENES OF BLOOD WHICH FOLLOWED SHOCKED HIS SENSITIVE NATURE, DISGUSTED HIM WITH SOCIETY AND THE WORLD...



HE RETREATED TO GLOOMY INTROSPECTION AND PURSUING HIS MORBID THEORIES IN THE GREAT PARIS LIBRARIES, QUESTING AFTER FOOD FOR HIS UNHEALTHY APPETITE, BECOMING A LITERARY GHOUL FEEDING IN THE CHARNEL HOUSE OF DEAD LITERATURE...



TOO SHY TO APPROACH GIRLS, HIS ARDENT NATURE THRUST A LOVELY BUT HAUNTING VISION UPON HIM. A FACE OF TRANSCENDENT BEAUTY THAT FILLED HIS DREAMS OVER AND OVER...A SHADOW WHICH BECAME ONE OF THESE FIXED IDEAS THAT HAUNT THE MINDS OF MELANCHOLY MEN AND IS OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR MADNESS!

SUCH WAS GOTTFRIED WOLFGANG'S SITUATION WHEN, LATE ONE STORMY NIGHT, HE WAS RETURNING HOME THROUGH SOME OF THE GLOOMY OLD STREETS OF THE MARAIS, AN ANCIENT PART OF THE CITY...



HIS HEART SICKENED WITHIN HIM, AND WOLFGANG WAS TURNING SHUDDERING FROM THE HORRIBLE ENGINE, WHEN HE GLIMPSED A SHADOWY FORM COWERING AT THE FOOT OF THE STEPS WHICH LED UP TO THE SCAFFOLD...



A SUCCESSION OF VIVID LIGHTNING FLASHES REVEALED THE CROUCHING FORM MORE CLEARLY AS WOLFGANG STUMBLED FORWARD IN WONDER... THE BRIGHT GLARE ILLUMINATED THE UPRISAISED FACE, THE VERY FACE WHICH HAUNTED HIM IN HIS DREAMS... WILD-EYED PALE AND DISCONSOLATE, BUT RAVISHINGLY BEAUTIFUL!



LIGHTNING QUIVERED ABOUT THE PINNACLES OF THE SURROUNDING BUILDINGS AND SHED FLICKERING GLEAMS OVER THE SQUARE... WOLFGANG STOPPED SHORT IN HORROR AT FINDING HIMSELF CLOSE TO THE GUILLOTINE. IT WAS THE HEIGHT OF TERROR AND THE DREAD-FUL INSTRUMENT OF DEATH STOOD EVER READY...



GOTTFRIED KNEW THESE WERE TERRIBLE TIMES... THE GUILLOTINE LEFT MANY MOURNERS... MANY DESOLATE AND ALONE...

YOUR PARDON, MISS... IS... IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

DO? IT'S TOO LATE FOR ANY THING TO BE DONE!

IT'S SUCH A LATE HOUR, THE STORM SO TERRIBLE... AREN'T THERE FRIENDS I CAN TAKE YOU TO?

T-THIS... HAS LEFT ME NO FRIENDS ON EARTH!

THE HEART OF THE STUDENT MELTED AT HER WORDS...

B-BUT... YOU MUST HAVE A HOME!

I HAVE NOTHING! THE ONLY PLACE LEFT ME IS THE GRAVE!

YOU MUST LET ME OFFER SHELTER; MYSELF AS A DEVOTED FRIEND... I AM FRIENDLESS MYSELF, A STRANGER IN PARIS... ALL I HAVE IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL!

THERE WAS AN HONEST EARNESTNESS IN THE YOUNG MAN'S MANNER THAT HAD ITS EFFECT. THE HOMELESS GIRL CONFIDED HERSELF IMPLICITLY TO THE PROTECTION OF THE STUDENT, AND UNDURGANG CONDUCTED HIS CHARGE THROUGH THE ANCIENT STREETS, PAST THE BORBONNE... TO THE GREAT DINGY HOTEL WHERE HE LIVED...

I MUST APOLOGIZE... IT IS QUITE SMALL, WITHOUT ELEGANCE... NATURALLY, IT IS MY INTENTION TO MOVE OUT, LEAVE IT FOR YOU AND... AND...

THE GIRL'S PRESENCE OVERWHELMED HIM, SEEMED TO PUT A SPELL ON HIS THOUGHTS AND SENSES. IN THE INFATUATION OF THE MOMENT, WOLFGANG AVOINED HIS PASSION FOR HER, TOLD THE STORY OF HIS MYSTERIOUS DREAM, AND HOW SHE POSSESSED HIS HEART BEFORE HE HAD EVEN SEEN HER.

WHY SHOULD WE SEPARATE? YOU'VE NO HOME, NO FAMILY... LET ME BE EVERYTHING... I'LL PLEDGE MYSELF TO YOU...

FOREVER!

I... I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME, GOTTFRIED... IT'S WONDERFUL TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT!

FOREVER!

...THEN I AM YOURS!

THE NEXT MORNING WOLFGANG LEFT THE GIRL SLEEPING AND SALLIED FORTH AT AN EARLY HOUR TO SEEK MORE SPACIOUS APARTMENTS SUITABLE TO THE NEW SITUATION. HE RETURNED TO FIND HER IN AN UNEASY POSTURE, HER FACE PALLID AND GHASTLY...

DARLING? DARLING? OH, NO... NOOOOOOOO!

...IN A WORD, SHE WAS A CORPSE!

HORRIFIED AND FRANTIC, HE ALARMED THE HOUSE, A SENSE OF CONFUSION ENSUED THE POLICE WERE SUMMONED



AS THE OFFICER IN CHARGE ENTERED THE ROOM, HE STARTED BACK ON BEHOLDING THE CORPSE...



MON DIEU! HOW DID THIS WOMAN COME HERE?

YOU... YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT HER?



I KNOW MONSIEUR, SHE WAS **GUILLOTINED** YESTERDAY!

NO... NO... IT CAN'T BE...

EVEN AS THE YOUNG STUDENT SPOKE, THE OFFICER BENT FORWARD UNDOING THE BLACK COLLAR AROUND THE NECK OF THE CORPSE AND...



THEY TRIED TO SOOTHE HIM, BUT IN VAIN. HE WAS POSSESSED WITH THE FRIGHTFUL BELIEF THAT AN EVIL SPIRIT HAD REANIMATED THE DEAD BODY TO ENSNARE HIM...A BELIEF WHICH PERSISTED INTO THE MAD HOUSE!

THE FIEND! THE FIEND HAS GAINED POSSESSION OF ME! I'M LOST FOREVER!



SURELY, MONSIEUR, AN EDUCATED MAN LIKE YOURSELF DOES NOT BELIEVE SUCH A TALE... OBVIOUSLY THE STUDENT IN HIS MADNESS ROBBED A GRAVE TO OBTAIN THE CORPSE!..

PERHAPS, WE SHALL NEVER KNOW. I WAS SENT FOR BECAUSE GOTTFRIED WOLFGANG DIED TONIGHT, I MADE OUT THE CERTIFICATE.

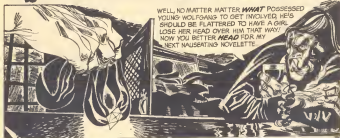
AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES...?

HEART FAILURE, LIKE, DEAD

WHEN THE STAFF FOUND HIM, IN HIS SOLITARY CELL, HE'D BEEN SCREAMING ALL EVENING, MORE VIOLENTLY THAN USUAL, INSISTED THEY SAVE HIM FROM BEING POSSESSED, TAKEN BY THE FIEND!

HIS OWN MAD FEARS BURST HIS HEART, SO I WOULD THINK... NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, EH, MONSIEUR EXAMINER?

PRACTICALLY NOTHING... ONLY THIS BESIDE HIS CORPSE!



WELL, NO MATTER WHAT POSSESSED YOUNG WOLFGANG TO GET INVOLVED, HE'S SHOULD BE FLATTERED TO HAVE A GIRL LOSE HER HEAD OVER HIM THAT WAY! NOW YOU BETTER **HEAD** FOR MY NEXT NAUSEATING NOVELLETTE.

SHE'S HERE... **GIGGLE GUT!**
NOW GOT FLITTING ABOUT LIKE SOME
BABBLING MIDGET, AND **TRY** TO ACT
A LITTLE... **INHUMAN!** AFTER ALL,
BUTTER BALL... YOU'D BE A
BOMBLING BARRET IF I'D
TURNED **YOU** AWAY,
WHEN YOU CAME TO
VISIT!

GAK... YOU'RE GONNA KNOCK MY
SHOCK GLASSES OFF, **FRAZZLE**
FACE... AND THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO
SEE THAT BLOB OF THROBBING
GLOBE... YOUR BRAIN MUST BE
RUSTED IF YOU FIGURE I'M
GONNA BE FRIENDLY TO THAT
FRILLY FREAK! I'LL **SCREAM**
IF YOU LET HER IN...



YOU WILL TOO... **FANG GANG**, IF YOU **DARE** WATCH
OUR TISSUE-TEARING ISSUE **NEXT** TIME, AND FIND OUT
WHAT WITHERING WITCHERY AWAITS **YOU!!! GAK!**

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